

but what has the boy done?

PROLOGUE

LIBRARY

Spoken by Mrs. Bontell to the Maiden
Queen, in 1785. Charles.

Quart. in 12 Clombers

Women like us (pulling for men) you love
Perfume too much, spill your secrets
There's not a man in town who won't

Covent Garden Drillery?

Oh, would the higher Powers, be kind to us,
And grant us to set up a Female house;
We'll make our selves, to please both Sexes then,
To the Men Women, to the VVomen Men,
Here we presume, our Legs are no ill sight,
And they will give you no ill Dreams at night;
In Dreames both Sexes, may their passions ease,
You make us then as civill as you please.
This would prevent the honies joyning too,
At which we are as much displeas'd as you;
For all our Women, most devoutly swear,
Each would be rather, a poor Actrels here,
Then to be made a *Mamsamouchi*, there.

*Prologue to the Parsons Wedding, spoken
by Mrs. Marshall in mans Cloathes.*

A Fter so many sad complaints of us,
The painfull, labouring Woman of this house,
We, with our Poet, have prevail'd agone,
To give us our revenge upon the men:
Our tricks, our jelling, hath been often told;
They were were tax'd, for impotent, and old.
'Twas not our crime, the house so long lay still,
When e're we play not, 'tis against our will.

Covent Garden Drollery.

VVe could have Acted, could but they have joyn'd ;
You know the fault, lies seldome in our kind,
Poor Sinners : their best parts are worn away,
And now they quarrel, when they cannot play.
'Twas somewhat better, when they did agree ;
'Twas old, but 'twas a willing company.
Meantime, till they their quarrels can atone,
You may supply their Parts, now they are gone, }
We hope you will not let us Act alone.
The House, the Scenes, and all things here are free, }
VWhile this Play lasts, 'tis ours : and you and we, }
Can joyn, and make an abler Company.
For so much every woman here assures,
The Profit ours, the Pleasure shall be yours.

Prologue to the Pastoral Wedding
by Mrs. Marshall in a new

Act to many a complaint
The painful labouring Woman
We wish our Poet have prevail'd
To give us some revenge upon the mer-
Our sick, our old, our hard-bodied
They were we tax'd, for imposture
I was not out mine, the house to
I was to be a play, not a

Epilogue

Epilogue to the Parsons Wedding. V

WHen boys play'd women's parts, you'd think the
Was innocent in that untempting Age. (Stage.
No: for your amorous Fathers then, like you,
Amongst those Boys had Play-house Misses too:
They set those bearded Beauties on their laps,
Men gave 'em Kisses, and the Ladies Claps.
But they, poor hearts, could not supply our Room:
They went but Females to the Tying-room,
While we, in kindness to our selves and you,
Can hold our Women to our Lodgings too.
Now, to oppose the humour of that Age,
We have this day expell'd our Men the Stage.
Why cannot we as well perform their Parts?
No, it would not take: the tender Ladies hearts
Would then their former charity give o're:
The Madams in disguise would steal no more
Toth' young Actors Chambers in mask'd Faces,
To leave Love offerings of Points and Laces.
Nor can we Act their Parts: Alas! too soon
You'd find the cheat in th'empty Paragon.
VVell; though we are not Women: Men,
VVe hope to have you Gallants and Men,
VVhich if you grant, and fill our House each day,
VVe will return your kindnesses this way:
We'll build up a new Theatre to gain you,
And turn this to a House to entertain you.

*A Prologue to Marriage Al la mode,
By Mr. Heart.*

Lord how reformed, and quiet are we grown,
Since all our Braves, and all our Wits are gone;
Those that durst fight are gone to get renown,
And those that durst not, blush to stand in Town.
'Twas a sad sight, before they went from home,
To see our Warriors in red Wastcoats come,
VVith hair tuck'd up into our tying Room.
But 'twas more sad, to hear their last adieu.
The women sob'd, and swore they would be true,
And so they were as long as ere they cou'd;
But powerful Guinny cannot be withstood:
And they were made of Play-house Flesh & blood,
Farewell their friends for double use ordain,
In wars abroad, the grinning honour gain,
And mistresses, for all that stay maintain.
Now they are gone, 'tis dead Vacation here,
Nor neither friends, nor enemies appear.

Covent Garden Drollery.

Poor pensive Punck, now peeps are Plays begin,
Sees the bare Bench, and dares not venture in;
But manages her half-Crown with care,
And trudges to the Mall, on foot for Air.
Our City friends, so fast will hardly roam,
They can take up with pleasures nearer home;
And see gay Showes, with gaudy Scenes elsewhere,
For, 'tis presum'd, they seldom come to hear;
But they have now tane up a glorious trade,
And cutting *Marscraft*, strut in Masquerade.
Here's all our hope, for we shall shew to day,
A Masquing Ball, to recommend our Play.
Nay, to endear them more, and let them see,
We scorn to come behind in courtesie;
We'll follow the new Mode, which they begin,
And treat them with a Room and Couch within:
For that's one way (how ere the Play falls short)
To oblige the Town, the City and the Court.

Epilogue to Mr. Mohun.

THUS have my Spouse, and I, inform'd the Nation,
 And led you all the way to Reformation:
 Not with dull morals, gravely writ, like those
 Which men, of easie flegme, with care compose,
 Your Poets of stiff words, and limber scence,
 Born on the confines of indifference;
 But by example drawn, I dare to say,
 From most of you, who see and hear the Play,
 There are more *Rhodolphs* in this Theater,
 More *Palamedes*, and some few wives I fear:
 But yet too far, our Poet would not run,
 Though 'twas well offer'd, there was nothing done:
 He would not quite the VWomen faulty bare,
 But strip them to the waste, and left them there.
 And the Mens faults were less severely shown,
 For he considers that himself is one.
 Shame-bubbling wits, to bloody Sarys bent,
 Would fret both Sexes, with less compliment.
 Would lay the Scape at home, of Husband tell,
 For wenches taking up their wives i' th Mell;
 And a brisk bout, which of them did want,
 Made by mistake of Mistress and Gallant.
 Our modest Authour thought it was enough,
 To cut you off a sample of the Stuff.

He

Covent Garden Drollery.

He spar'd my Shame, which you I'me sure, would not;
For you are all for driving on the Plot.
You sigh'd, when I came in to break the sport,
And set your Teeth, when each design fell short;
To Wives and Servants, all good wishes lend,
But the poor Cuckold, seldom finds a Friend,
Since therefore Town, nor Court will take no pity,
I humbly cast my self upon the City.

Prologue to Julius Cæsar.

IN Country beauties, as we often see,
Something that takes in their simplicity
Yet while they charm, they know not they are fair,
And take, without the spreading of the Snare
Such Artless beauty, lies in *Shakespeare's* wit
'Twas well, in spite of him, what e're he writ.
His Excellencies came, and were not sought;
His Words, like casual Atoms, made a thought:
Drew up themselves in Rank and File, and writ,
He wondring how the Devill it was such wit.
Thus, like the drunken Tinker, in his Play,
He grew a Prince, and never knew which way.
He did not know what Trope or Figure meant,
But, to perswade, is to be eloquent.
So, in this *Cæsar*, which to day you see,
Tully ne'r spoke as he makes *Anthony*.
Those then that tax his Learning, are too blame;
He knew the thing, but did not know the name.

Great *Johnson* did that Ignorance adore,
 And though he envi'd much, admir'd him more.
 The faultless *Johnson*, equally writ well,
Shakespeare made faults; but then did more excell,
 One close as Gaurd, like some old Fencer, lay;
 Tother more open, but he shew'd more play,
 In Imitation, *Johnson*'s wit was shown,
 Heaven made his men; but *Shakespeare* made his own.
 Wise *Johnson*'s Talent in observing lay;
 But others Follies still made up his play.
 He drew the like, in each elaborate line;
 But *Shakespeare*, like a Master, did design.
Johnson with skill, dissected humane kind,
 And shew'd their faults, that they their faults might
 But then, as all Anatomists must do, (find;
 He to the meanest of mankind did go,
 And took from Gibbers, such as he would show.
 Both are so great, that he must boldly dare,
 Who both of 'em does judge, and both compare.
 If amongst Poets, one more bold there be,
 The man that dare attempt in either way, is he.

*The Prologue to wit without Money: being the first
 Play acted after the Fire.*

SO shipwreck'd Passengers escape to Land!
 So look they, when on bare Beach they stand.
 Drooping

Covent Garden Drillery.

Dropping and cold; and their first fear scare o're,
Expecting Famine, from a desert Shore.

From that hard Climate, we must wait for Bread,
Whence even the Natives, forc'd by hunger, fled.
Our Stage does humane chance present to view;
But ne're before was seen so sadly true.

You are chang'd too, and your pretence to see
Is but a nobler name of charity.

Your own provisions, furnish out our Feasts,
Whilst you, the Founders, make yourselves our Guests,
Of all mankind besides Fate had some care,
But for poor Wit no Portion did prepare:

'Tis left a rent chace to the brave and fair.

You cherish it, and now its fall you mourn,
Which blind unmanner'd Zealots make their scorn;
Who think that Fire, a judgment on the Stage,
Which spar'd not Temples in its furious rage.

But as our new-built City rises higher;

So from old Theatres may new aspire:

Since Fate contrives magnificence by fire.

Our great Metropolis, does so far surpass

What e're it is now, and equals all that was

Our wit as far, does Fortiegn wit excell;

And, like a King, should in a Palace dwell.

But we with golden hopes, are vainly fed

Talk high, and entertain you in a Shed.

Your presence here (for which we humbly beg)

Will grace old Theatres, and build up new.

A Prologue to the Pilgrim.

Our Author once was one that drove a Trade,
 Till pinching some odd customers (as 'tis said)
 Shop was shut up forthwith, and from that fall,
 Like broken Tradesmen, humbly took a Stall.
 And fell to Cobbling, all that he has done,
 Is to peice up, what Fletcher had begun.
 He dares make nothing new, for fear some may
 Think that to earnest, which he meant a Play.
 Suppose a Painter should a Story draw,
 And invent Postures which he never saw,
 With several looks, to one you may suppose,
 He gives grave looks, another a great Nose.
 Would you not laugh if one of gravity
 Should see't, and swear by this the Rogue mean me,
 Or one lead by the Nose something too high,
 Should see the peice, and swear, judge me that's I,
 Another figure may be finely drest,
 Painted in Feathers and a gandy Vest,
 Should therefore a Gallant that wears good store,
 Swear I am Painted by this son of a Whore.
 This is the case, and now be judge I pray,
 Whether the Poet be in fault, or they.
 A Poet, from his fancy, draws alone;
 They that the likenels find, make it their own.

Yet

Yet let them, at least, not seem to know it,
But Pox 'em, the business that they do will shew it.
Yet such perhaps may justly cry to day,
Hang him, he that finds fault with us, can't mend a
Then hiss him off, and let him learn to be a (Play-
Wife, and grow rich, and leave off Poetry.



Prologue to Richard the third.

Lock up your Doores, and bring the Keys to me:
From henceforth learn to value liberty.
This day we A& a Tyrant; ere you go
I fear that, to your cost, you'll find it so.
What early hast yo' have made to pass a Fine,
To purchase Fetters: how you crowd to joyne
With an Usurper: be advis'd by my
Ne're serve Usurpers, fix to Loyalty,
For you will find, at latter end or 'h day,
It is your noblest and the safest way.
Who steers that course, needs feare nor wind, nor tide,
He wants no Pilot, who has such a guide.
Tyrants (like childrens Bubbles in the ay)
Puff up with pride, still vanish in decay.
But lawfull Monarchs are preserv'd by heave,
And 'tis from thence that their Commission's giv'd.
Though giddy Fortune, for a time, may frown,
And seem e' eclipse the lustre of a Crown.

Yet a King can, with one Majestick Ray,
 Disperse those Clouds, and make a glorious day.
 This blessed truth we to our joy have found,
 Since our great Master happily was Crown'd.
 So, from the rage of *Richards* Tyranny,
Richmond himself, will come and set you free.

Prologue to the double Marriage.

Gallants you have so long bin absent hence,
 That you have almost cool'd your diligence,
 For while we stiddy or revive a Play,
 You like good Husbands in the Country stay,
 There frugally wear out your Summer Suite,
 And in *Erre* *Jokin* after *Beagles* Toot,
 Or in *Montero*, *Cape* at field faces shoot,
 Nay some are so obdurate in their Sin,
 That they swear never to come up again,
 But all their charge of *Clowes* and great *Retrench*,
 To *Gloves* and *Stockings* for some country *Wench*,
 Even they who in the Summer had misapp'd
 Good wine for *Physick* for their *Clapp*,
 The Ladies too, are as resolute as they,
 And having debet, unbeknown to them they fly,
 And with a train of *Chafes* and *Poultry* pry,
 Even in their Wives, they from *Banquets* fly,
 To entertain with *Nuts* and bottle Ale.

And in discourse vwith secrecy report
 Stale News that past a Twelve-month since at Court,
 Those of them, who are most refin'd, and gay,
 Now learn the Songs of the last Summers Play:
 VVhile the young Daughter does in private Mourne,
 Her Loves in Town, and hopes not to return.
 These Country grievances too great appear;
 But cruel Ladies, we have greater here;
 You come not sharp, as you were wont to Play;
 But only on the first and second Days:
 This made our Poet, in his visits, look
 What new strange courses, for your time you took;
 And to his great regret he found too soon,
 Damn'd *Beasts* and *Umbre*, spent the afternoon;
 So that we cannot hope to see you here
 Before the little Net-work Purse be cleare.
 Suppose you should have luck;——
 yet sitting up so late as I am told,
 You'l lose in Beauty, what you win in Gold;
 And what each Lady of another says,
 Will make you new Lampoones, and us new Plays.

SONG.

Fare well Fair *Arminda*, my joy and my grief,
 In vain I have lov'd you, and hope no relief;
 Undone by your virtue, too strict and severe,
 Your Eyes gave me Love, and you gave me despair.
 Now call'd by my Honour, I seek with content,
 The Fate which in pity, you would not prevent.
 To languish in Love, were to find by delay,
 A death that's more welcome the speedier way,
 Or Scars, and so Bubbles, in Bullets and Fire,
 The danger it tells, then in hopeless desire,
 My Death's wound you gave, though far off I hear,
 My loss from your sight nor to cost you a Tear.
 But if the kind Flood, on a Wave should convey,
 And under your Window, my Body would lay,
 The wound on my breast, when you happen to see,
 You'll say with a sigh — it was given by me.

The Answer.

BLame not your *Arminde*, nor call her your grief,
 'Twas honour, not she, that deny'd you relief:
 Abuse not her vertue, nor call it severe,
 Who Loves without honour, must meet with despair,
 Now prompted by pity I truly lament,
 And Mourn for your fall, which I could not prevent,
 I Languish to think that your blood should defray,
 The expence of a fall, though so noble a way,
 In Scars, and in Battles that you did expire,
 Was th' effect of your Valour, not hopeles desire,
 Of the Fame you aspir'd, I greedily hear,
 And grieve when I think that it cost you so dear,
 And when dismal Fate, did your Body convey,
 By my window your Funeral Rites for to pay,
 I sigh that your Fate, I could not reverse,
 And all my kind wishes, I throw on your Heavse,

THE
PROLOGUE

Prologue spoken by Mrs. Marshall
to Philaster.

I Are Prologues, have had so much confidence
We did believe w^e had frighted you from hence
And plainly told the Poets of this house
Such witt, would ruine both themselves and us
For they imply'd we much mistook the age
If we thought w^e must support the Stage
Our Bowdery will lose you here is true
Some civil women; and of them but few
The most discreet amongst 'em will come still
Good for us
They neither hear nor understand, what's ill
But what are these to Vizari Masques, who come
To applaud the Stage, which keeps 'em fine at home
And all the space Gallants will hinder crowd
To laugh at what themselves perform abroad
They and their dear lov'd Mistresses, the well known
Are much the strongest party of the town
And while
On you, or we, are vicious, never fear,
To have a full, and candid Audieece here.

Covent Garden Drollery.

29

Our Poets this, & excuse themselves did say,
And saith, by your appearance here to day,
We find they had reason: Confidence wou'd lose you,
You are alwaies the best pleas'd when we abuse you;
And that's a Courtesy, we'd here refuse you.
Your Follies, are so obvious, and so great,
Tis much the cheapest way *Wt* has to treat.
There's no delight we give you with such ease,
Lord, why do they say th' Age is hard to please
When it will doat, on its own fooleries?
Gallants, Men need not study much to gain you,
Since telling you your Faults, will entertain you.

*Epilogue Spoken by Mrs. Marshall to
Philaster.*

Though change all times, both practice and allow,
Women were never less, as we are now,
We blame the inconstant Gallants of the Age,
But yet the Pic, is nothing to the Stage,
You leave us one, by one; they, all at once;
And unprovok'd, our company Renounce;
We put 'em to no Charge, no house, no Field,
No damask Coach, which the last Gallant would
And yet they left us: had they been like you,
We had kept them sure, till they, or we, got new.
Gallants, your Fathers wish one Sex were lost.

Sure

Covent Garden Drollery.

Our ours, of pleasing, has the better gift,
bearded Princess, their concern could move,
Why may not, now, a beardless Prince make Love:
For should loth lines, for youth, and beauty meant,
He on Mico's blew, and withered faces spent,
We have all that modestly pretends to prize,
And what we want, is hid from vulgar eyes;
It is all one to us; but 'twill appear,
Tis much your cheapest way, to keep us here.

A Lampoon on the Greenwich Strawlers.

Hear ye M. N. (command,
O! assist me you Powers, who have Rhymes at
For I faith I've a weighty business in hand. (sing,
Of the late Greenwich Strawlers I'm now going to
But all things in order-----first, God save the King.

2. Them, hem, now put we off to the matter,
On Easter Sunday, the Raskals took water,
Where binding at Greenwich they agreed that a hare,
Should be fettered o'er Sculler, instead of his care.

3. Then

Covent Garden Drollery.

3.

Then up they march'd to the sign of the Bull,
Where asking for Lodging, quoth the folks we are full
But we'll see for some for you, and so with thow wheedle
Ud's tid, exit the Landlord, and enter the Beadle.

3.

4.

With that their chief Actor begins for to whistle,
Quoth he, pshaw waw, let the Beadle go whistle,
For I can, and he did too, produce straight a Patent,
That had the Kings Hand and Seal, and all that in't.

2.

5.

Well this rub of fortune is over, but stay,
They call for a Reckning, there's six Pence to pay.
Now mark how damn'd fortune those Scoundrels do's
They paye all their stock to pay the half dozen (cozen
guineas)

01

6.

But promising th' Host that he should richer be,
See their Plays every day, and his whole family
He'll be 'em straight, and now all the rabble
March'd up to go lye in their Play-house----a Stable.

Coyent Garden Drollery.

7.

This fortunate Stable had Faggors in it,
Which serv'd to fear all the House, but the Pit;
For that was more deeply spread, I confess,
With Straw, to secure 'em from horse Dung and Piss.

8.

Now he that sat here had much the better place,
He broke not his Neck, though he wetted his Ace;
For by th' ill successive disposure of th' other
Folks saw, and they tumbled too, one o're another.

9.

I confess they had never a Scene at all,
They want no copy, they had th' originall; (roof.
For the windows being down, and most part of the
flow could they want Scenes, when they had prospect
(enough.

10.

Now will we suppose that *Mandy* is come,
And the Play is proclaimed by beat of a Drum;
Faint now you are supposing, let it be *Tuesday* more,
For *Mandy* I know no more then the child was
(born.

11. .21

Its said that they Acted not upon *Monday*,
Something was wanting, and so they lost one day.
They send unto *London*, what's lacking is gotten,
And so on the next day, wylt all things did come.

12. .01

The Prizes they took, were a *Londoners* gown,
A *Gentleman's* fire but his ship kennels not,
The *Townsmen* they let in for drink and good cheer,
The *Schoolboys* for peace, and the *Seamen* for fear.

13. .51

On *Tuesday* at three a clock I was waken'd,
I left their doothouse and went into the street,
Being enter'd an *Admiral's* light brought me a friend,
He'd a held my cloak too, but I was a fool.

14. .81

The first that appear'd when I was come in,
(With her train to her ankles) was who had the Queen,
She civilly made me a curtsy, and straightway
Retired to sit on her *Fagots of Fire*.

15.

Then in came the King with a malicious mind,
Gainst his new married Queen: which when I did find,
I call'd him a fide, and whispering in his Ear,
Desired him to fetch me a Flagon of Beer.

16.

There twelve pence said I, take the rest for your pains;
Your Servant, said he, Sir, sweet Mr. Haimeshaes
His Majesty said, I must needs say was civil;
For he took up his heels, and ran for like a Devil.

17.

Mean time I addrest my self to his Bride,
And took her into the tiring House side;
A Play house was, which as a side stile,
Instead of a better serv'd then for a while.

18.

But mark the face of her civility,
The Flagon did run both at her and me;
And therefore began to fear she'd be lack'd;
I ordered the Drummer to beat a long Act.

19. He

Wish high a lo deap, when as we loose
Shall serve us for a love.

He beat, and he beat, but no Queen appear'd,
He beat till at length the house was all clear'd;
By my Trough a sad-lost, but to make 'em amends
I threw 'em a Crown, and we were all friends
And so this renowned History ends.

SONG.

And now I am within thy Boat,
I'll sing thee a true love's Tale;
Maid, **C**Haron, come along with me,
Bring forth thy Boat and Oar,
That I poor Maid may make no stay,
But row me to some Shore.

But what's become of those hard hearts,
That Virgins did not pity?
Charon, Who call on such hard hearts,
As if they were cold as steel;
I carry none but pure and chaste,
Such as true Love hath seal'd.

3.

Maid, Oh / carry me within thy Boat,
I'll tell thee a true love's Tale,

With

Covent Garden Drallery.

With sigh's so deep, when as we float
Shall serve us for a Gale,

Chorus. Come, I come, I come, I come,
Thy beauty does to charm me;
Come in my Boat, take there a Room,
Nor Wind nor Rain, shall harm thee,

SONG

Male. And now I am within thy Boat,
I'll sing thee a true love Song:
My Eyes shall shed a sea of Waves,
To sing our Boat along.

Chorus. But what's become of those hard hearts,
That Virgins did not pity?
They live within Kings palaces,
Where Pleasure builds his City.

SONG

I'll tell thee a true love Song,
Oh canst thou wish me well?

A Song.

Since we poor slavish women know,
Like men we cannot pick and chuse;
To him we like, why say we no,
And both our time and labour lose?
By our put off's, and fain'd delays,
A Lovers appetite we pall;
And if too long the youngster stays,
His stomach's gon for good and all.

Or our impatient amorous Guest,
Unknown to us away may fleaze,
And rather then stay for a Feast,
Take up with some coarse reddy Meate,
When opportunity is lost,
Let pudent women be so too,
And if the man be to her mind,
Be sure she do not let him go.

The match soon made, is happily made,
For Love has only there to stay;
Let no one marry gainst her will,
But stand off when her Parents urge;
And to the Sister be no coy;
For she whom Joyance can obtain,
To let a Peo her bed enjoy,
Is but a lawfull Wench for gain.

HOW many Lovers Poetry has got;
 No Mistress by so many Rivals sought;
 And sure to be so courted she's the first
 That was so very poor, and very curst.
 All her enjoyments too, is but a name,
 Yet coy of that, not safe in her own Fame.
 The vain Gallants that unto Poetry,
 Or Women do pretend, in this agree;
 Each thinks his Mistress sure, and in despise;
 Though he ne're hopes to gain her, swears he might
 Another Damme Lover with a smile, and then
 Cry's he could have her, were it worth the while.
 I say no other, would I court this rich young Dame;
 God I could show the world both Salt and Flame;
 One line should not be high, and ch' other sinking;
 But Tar and Taw Pox take 'em, keep me thinking.
 Against such censurers we do declare,
 Before they plead they should be call'd to Bar.
 To judge of poets, that ought not to live
 That for degrees have done us exercise.
 For some who did pretend to the most wit,
 Have made our country lame when they have writ.
 By these conceitings, should not sure be sought
 When such own selves as in question brought.
 Those Judges he allows whose claims are clear,
 For such he thinks us less and less severe.

SONG

IN few words I'll describe a Fansticke knave,
 That snarles and knows not what he would have,
 Pray mark but the tricks of this prickard's face,
Which no body can deny.

Hee'll kill his King, to preserve his cause,
 Hang honest men in defence of the Law's
 And this he sayes is a legal cause.

He flies from the Scripture, and stands to the Word,
 Proves the Gospell must come in by the Sword,
 But that the Devil is his good Lord.

There's no body can deny.

He prays by the spirit two hours a cleare,
 And sends in meditation the rest,
 When an evil spirit he is possest,

Which no body can deny.

His Text you shall find in a States Declaration,
His Doctrine is an association,
Rebellion is his application.

which no body can deny.

He bids Hunter, and tells 'em the meek must inherit
He had rather be guilty of Murder then Merit,
And thus he cries up for the fruits of the spirit.

which no body, &c.

He asks of the Miller, but would strike at the Crown,
And stands for the publick advance and his own,
He will have Smocks up, and Surplices down.

which no body can deny.

A Church is prophane and a Buss does as well,
Where the holy father hermes may dwell,
But this is a code of laws.

which no body can deny.

SONG.

I.

PRide for the most part,
When we lose a Sweet-heart;
Will make us dissemble and seem to disdain,
The conquest which we, can no longer maintain,
But such was my Love, and such was my Lover,
That in spite of my Pride, I my Griefe did discover.

2.

Though short was my Reign,
Yet I will not complain;
When Pleasure grows dull then a Lover may range,
And seek fresh delights in some happy new change,
The Devil's in her that will have a poor man
Still love, and still love, when he has lov'd all he can.

SONG.

SONG.

i.

TO her beauty I'll pay
My devotions each day,
That all jaunty delights will me give,
Though her soul do expire,
Phœnix-like in lover's fire;
Yet again her enjoyments do live,
That in love of my Pidge I my Quire did discover.

With a brisk Aerie spark,
As Spring Garden, or Park,
In Glass Coach or Balcony thus free,
She will vanquish all hearts;
With her Boon Meen and pates;
She'll the heaven on earth unto me,
Still love, and still love, when he has lov'd all before.

Prologue.

They invade Poetique Licence, and fill rail

~~They invade Poetique Licence, and fill rail~~

Yet still they, in this coast to him for sale

To supplyment their Wit as Cates, and feast

Thus much for Critics, who more generous Wit

Our Poet's Wit, does each Scene submit

HE who comes hither with design to hills,
And with a hand reversed, to whisper Mills,

To comb a Perriwig, or to shew gay cloathes,

Our Poet welcomes as the Muses friend;

For hee'l by irony each Play commend.

Next these we welcome, such as briskly dine,

At *Locke's* at *Ifford*, or with *Shataline*.

Swill'd with *Potsign*, and the *Burgundian Grape*,

They hither come to take a kindly nap.

In these our Poet does conceive much harm;

For they pay well, and keep our benches warm.

And altho' hee forsooth saies, some Playes they dam,

They do't by *Misolead*, not by *Quince*, and *Dram*.

But when fierer Critics get them in their church,

They're crueller then the *Tirannick Dutch*.

And with more Art, do dissolve each Scene.

Then in *And*, they the limbs of men

They wrack each limb, and every word upon

As if they'd find a way to cramp all Wit.

They are the terror of all adventurers here,

The very objects of their hate and fear.

And like rude Common weathers they still are kar

Gainst English Playes, the Monarchyes of wit.

They invade Poetique Liscence, and still rail
At Plays to which in duty they should vaile.
Yet still they infect this coast to fish for jeasts,
To supplyment their Wits at Citty feasts.
Thus much for Criticks: to the more generous Wit,
Our Poet *Frankly*, does each Scene submit;
And begs your kind Alliance to engage
Those Hogen Interlopers of the Stage.

~~One Poet welcome as the Muses friend;~~

Epilogue

O Ur best New Play, is the Mode bold in vogue,
Shall be half Protogue, and half Epitogue.
The way to please you is easie if we know
A Jigg, a Song, a Rhyme or two will doe;
When you're in vaine and sometimes a good Play
Strangely miscaries, and is throwne away
That this is such our Poet does not think
For what displeases you is a wall of ink
Beside this Play was written five years agoe,
And how times alter, Ladies you best know,
Many then, fair and courted, I dare say
Act half as out of Fashion, as our Play
Beside if you'd consider well, you'd find
Y^e have altered since ten thousand times, your taste
And if your humours do so often vary
There is our Comedy must need miscary

For as you change, each Poet moves his Pen,
They take from you the characters of Men;
The Wit they write, the Valour, and the Love,
Are all but Coppies, of what you approve;
Our's follow'd the same rule, but does confess,
The love and humour of that season less,
And every Artist knows that Coppies fall;
For th' most part, short of their Originall.

A Song.

When first my free heart was surpriz'd by desire,
So soft was the Wound, and so gentle the Fire;
My sighs were so sweet, and so pleasant the smart,
I pity'd the Slave, who had ne'r lost his heart;
He thinks himself happy, and free, but alas!
He is far from that Heaven, which Lovers possess.

In Nature was nothing, that I could compare
With the beauty of *Phyllis*, I thought her so fair;
A Wit so divine, all her sayings did fill
A Goddess she seem'd, and I mention'd her still;
With a Zeal more inflam'd, and a Passion more true,
Then a Martyr in flames, for Religion can shew.

More Venners and Graces, I found in her mind,
Then Schooler can invent, or the Gods e'r design'd;
She seem'd to be mine by each glance of her Eye,
(If Mortals might claim a blessing so high)

Each day, with new favours, new hopes she did give;
 But alas! what is wish'd, we too soon do believe,
 With awful respect, while I lov'd and admir'd,
 But fear'd to attempt, what so much I desir'd,
 How soon were my Hopes, and my Heaven destroy'd,
 A Shepherd more daring, fell on and enjoy'd,
 Yet, in spite of all Fate, and the pains I endure,
 I will find a new *Phillis*, to give me a cure.

ACT 2. A.

So long was the Wound, and so gentle the Cure,
 My sighs were so long, and so gentle the Cure,
 My sighs were so long, and so gentle the Cure,

Lover's daring flight, is unconfin'd,
 No Lawes can reach his soaring Wings.

More free then Air, or pathless wind,
 Or secret thoughts form'd in a youthful mind,
 Above the power of the highest Kings.

The Gods (if there were any more,
 Besides great Love) by him were made,
 His favour they did all implore.

His Darts they all obey'd,
 Their desires by his, did shine or fade,
 The lasting Fame bold Heroes win,
 The lasting Virtues you admire,
 All this the World can glory in,
 By Love's alliance did at first begin.

You

Your Beauty's rais'd from this Promethian fire :

Whom Love inspires, though dull before,

Becomes accomplish'd, Wise and brave,

To Conquer her he doth adore.

The glories which you have,
Your Lovers passion, and their prayes gave.

Then ask not how I dare aspire,

Before your sacred shride to kneel,

And after my ambitious fire.

For were your Beauty, and your Title bigger,

Love would betray the pains you make me feel.

If you are scornful and severe,

You add new Vigour to my flame:

And make it still more bright appear.

If I possess my art,

My happyness shall never spot your fame.

Though I should steal my greedy Eyes,

And ev'ry minute steal a Kiss;

Tast all those joyes men Idolise,

Your summ of pleasures still as high would rise.

Nor would you have one charming grace the less,

But if your wishes equal are:

In Loves Elizium you shall Reign,

And by our secret art you shall

That Paradise obtain,

Which all the graver World have sought in vain.

Your Beauty's a charm it is Promerian fire
 Whom Love inspires, though I had better
 Become: accomplish'd, Will and have
 The glories which you have
 Your Love's passion and my Love gave
SONG.

Then and not how I dare adore
 Before you started like to kneel
 And a secret my ambition
FAir was my Mistress, and fine as a Bride,
 That is deck'd in her wedding Attire,
 Her eyes do's protest, I shall not be deny'd,
 And yet I dare hardly come nigher,
 I seem'd to be ad and the final
 Which I thought did kindness betray;

Then forward I go,
 But was dash'd with a no,
 Yet came off with a ha ha ha ha ha ha ha,
 Hey, ha ha ha ha ha,
 And every minute feel a kiss,
 Till all those joyous moments
 Your (arm of pleasure) his high would
 For would you had one charming stroke
 But if you had not, I had
 And I found my first duty I had
 In I love, which then when I begun
 And by our rect, the way are cross
 Which all the glory
 Which all the glory

Cavendish Garden Driller

And I brought her to this
That she gave me a kiss,
And came off with a ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
Hey, ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
To you that have a heart as true as mine
You shall have a heart as true as mine

High was my courage, but more my desire,
Which led my addressee with force,
That you could not distinguish whose eyes had more
Or who had the prettiest discourse
Agreed, we lay down and tumbled,
Till both were weary of play,
Though I spent a full share,
Yet by good fortune I was
I came off with a ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
Hey, ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

SONG

Farewell, dear Love, my joy and life's delight,
Too long I have for you my heart and soul spent

Cherry Garden Drollery

And one by your Taylor too strict and severe,
Your eyes gave me Love and he gives me despair
Now urg'd by your interest I seek to retire,
Far off from the cause of so hopeless a fire,
To stay near you still, were in vain to torment,
Your ears with a passion you must not content.

To live in the Country with fopples is less pain,
Then still to endure an unwilling disdain,
You're the cause of my exile, and far off I'll go,
That none of my sufferings you ever may know,
For a time I'll live, you should chance to convey
And throughly I should know, I've been your journey
Your name when you had seen every green
You say, poor Alex was written by thee.

On Calliope retiring to her Spring.

SONG.
VNO 2

Adieu to Love and Harmony,
Adieu to the Fair Calliope,
There is a Spring, by Heav'n design'd,

Where all the Nymphs her discontent
To find relief do drop the spring of discontent,
And all the Nymphs her discontent

Covent Garden Drillery 10

41

So *Nero* to a Hill retir'd, as if he meant
 When *Rome* by his command was fir'd, in vain
 And on his Harp contemptuously
 Play'd the sad City's Elegy:
 As here, when to her conqu'ring eyes
 Mankind's a flaming sacrifice!
Calliope insultingly retreats,
 And with her Voice and Lute, her songs repeats.

3.

Her voice th' harmonious Swans admire,
 And in attention half expire,
 Catching the Eccho of each sound,
 And drunk with Air, and almost drown'd
 Charming *Calliope*! thy voice commands
 Even the passion of our loves;
 Charm me yet more, that dying, I may be
 A Sacrifice, to Harmony and Thee.

May Tom of Bedlam

Forth from the dark and dismal Cell
 And deep shifts of Hell
 Poor Tom is come to view the World
 To see if he can cure his distemper'd Soul
 Fears and cares oppress my Soul,
 And dark how die angels' faces hold
 How faint, and how far off, the light
 Of your Tom of Bedlam's sight

Through the world I wander night and day,
To seek my stragled Senses, I will say,
In an angry mood, I reach old Tom's door,
With his Pentarch of Plagues, I knock no more.

When me he spide
Away he hi'd
For time will stay for no man
In vain will cry
And the Skyes,

Her voice is 'list'ning
 And in attention still expire;
 Catching the Echo of her
 Oh help, for Charity,
 And drunk with
 Charming College
 Even the pallor of
 Charming yet more
 The Carrington to
 A stillness, to blame,
 The bow began to bristle,

[illegible]

Coven Garden Drollery.

Mars with his Weapon laid about,
But limping *Vulcan*, had the Gout,
His broad Horns did hang fo in's sight,
He could not see, to aim his blow aright.

Mercury the nimble Post of Heaven,
Stood still to see the Quarrel,
Gorbellyed *Bacchus*, Giant-like,
Bestrid a great Bear Barrel.

To me he drank,
I did him thank,
But I could get no Sider,
He drank whole Butts.
And split his Guts;
But mine were ne're the wider.

Poor *Ten* is very dry,
A little Drink for charity,
Hark, I hear *Alceus* horn.

The Huntsman whoopes and hollows,
Bowman, *Ringwood*, *Roster*, *Jayler*, ho, ho;
At the Chase now follows.

The man in the Moon, *Chorus* Claps,
Eats powder & Bees, *Turkey* and *Cocks*,
But a glass of old *Malaga* Sack,
Will fire the Butts at his back.

Covent Garden Drillery.

A Song

Phillis, the time is come that we must sever,
Long we have linger'd 'twixt kindness and strife,
And though we have promis'd our selves to love ever
Yet there's a Fate in Love, as well as Life;
So many jealousies dayly we try,
Sometimes we Freeze, and sometimes we Fry,
That love in Coles, or Feavours will dye.

Both by our selves, and others torment'd,
Still in suspense betwixt Heaven and Hell,
Ever desiring, and never contented,
Either not loving, or loving too well;
Fearing we still are in each others powers,
Our lives a weather of Sun-shine and Show'rs,
The day is bitter, though sweet are its hours,

*Upon his Dead Mistress, represented
in a Dream.*

UNkind! And cruel fancy too!
Mocking my Sences, to renew
The mem'ry of that face!
Which (Death) tyrannically took,
On purpose he might gaze, and look on
And all his empire grace:
For, as, wild sullen fettered Death, do tyrannise
Themselves by struggling, and put out their fire
So, my unruly grief, it self had can'd,
Which now, by fresher passion is enflam'd,

Were there but hoping from the Grave,
I wou'd to sorrow live a Slave;
And wait for her return;
Or stifle craftily my Breath
With sigh's; if proud, and Ambitious death
Wou'd lay me in her place;
But he's too fond of her, there she must lie;
Where I access want, since he guards the way;
He chide no more then, Fancie, use thy skill
That I may dream such killing pleasure still.

An Epithalamium.

THough so many say *their chance is*
Sole disposer of our lives,
That our actions and our fancies
It directs and gives us Weaves;
Yet the story here divine is,
Past the reach of mortal Scenes,
Moe's mistaken, whose design is
To prevent a Providence.

There was neither Birth nor Beauty,
Made these years Parenthesis;
Fearing accidents and duty
Did, before deny the bliss;
Since they now embrace each other,
With a just and mutual fire,
May their passions never smother
Or their spirits fail desire.

5. Happy

Happy be your first embraces,
So to answer both your flames,
That when either time defaces
You restor'd be in your names,
Prudence let your deeds contrive all,
Free from jealousie and rage,
Death alone let be your Rival:
And the challenge brought by age.

SONG

THe beams of Love's sparkling eyes,
Such strange influence powers,
They make their object sympathize,
And feel the flames that fire their hearts.
If this were true, as reason seems to prove,
You cannot be insensible of Love.

Fires a live Element ascends
Loves passion is defin'd a flame,

If then my heart too high pretends
 Ambition doth its truth proclaim. (move,
 Love sometimes bowes, though flames fill upward
 So heavenly Cynthia did Endymion love.
 Love does of Life and Death dispose
 Commands as cheif in Court and Field,
 Then how can I a Prince oppose;
 To whom the greatest Kings do yield.

SONG.

How charming are those pleasant pains
 Which the succesfull Lover gains,
 Oh how the longing spirit flies
 From searching sighs, and dying eyes,
 What intermixing rage and joy
 Loves welcome message to the heart.

Then how the active Pulse grows warm,
 To every sense gives the Alarm;
 But oh, the raptures and the qualms
 When Love unites the melting palms.

What extasies, what hopes and fears,
What pretty talk, and Amorous tears,

20102

To these a thousand Vowes succeed,
Oh then, oh Heavens! the hours dead
When Sense and Soul are back'd in bliss!
Think, dear ~~friends~~, think on this,
And curse those hours we did not prove
The ravishing delights of Love.

CATCH

Ack drink away, Thou hast lost a whole midnie,
Hang Wenches and Play,
There's no pleasure in it.
Faith take tother gla's,
Though the Nights old and grey,
We may all have a pass,
To the Grave before Day,
And in the cold forlorn Grave,
There's no Drink, no Drink,
No Wine, nor Women, can we have,
No company but Worms that stink,
That waste thy own health, and beginn



SONG.

Come, you see
 How from Court the new fashion,
 Has conquer'd the Nation
 All lovers must be of one opinion
 None but Phanaticks oppose the invasion
 Then pray why should we ?

Hang conscience and fear,
 I am secret and loyal,
 No envious espyal
 Shall frighten my Dear,
 That bliss was so sweet, I can take no denial,
 Nor longer forbear.

Nay strive not in vain,
 I'll o'recome thee with kisses,
 Such pleasure as this is,
 Would make Love again
 Despite his high state, no partaker of our bliss,
 Then who can chide us ?

4.

O these are the sweets
Which none can discover
But the secret lover:
Great Caesar he meets

A joy more sublime: though he is first mover,
To Love he submits.

A Song.

IN vain my dear Muse, you coyly refuse,
What Nature and Love do inspire,
That formall old way, which your Mother did use,
Can never confine the desire;
It rather adds Oyl to the Fire.

When the ramping delight of Wooing we lose,
And pleasures a duty become,
We both shall appear, like some dead lovers Ghost,
To frighten each other from home,
And the genial Bed like a Tomb.

Now show us your face, your good Love will be
And seek a new Face in your eyes;
One ambitious smile will entice him to fight,
Hear all but despise;
Then change to a frown, and he dies.

4

To love, and each other we'll ever be true;
 But, to raise our enjoyments by Art,
 We'll often fall out, and often renew
 For to wound, and to cure the smart,
 Is the pleasure which cures the heart.

SONG

Give me some of thy love, and I'll give thee
 As much as I can, and I'll give thee
 When I plead for thy passion, thy pain, thy
 The Countess her Oyrer, and replies with a Song.
 No more shall I give thee, thy Beauty, thy
 Were the Gods to love, as man would, they
 (I am) shall appear, like some dead lover's Ghost,
 To frighten each other from home,
 And the equal Bed like a Tomb.

No more will I wait like a Slave at the door,
 I'll go and I'll stay, and I'll go and I'll stay,
 My heart is as big as a house, and my
 Since the Prince and Princess have fallen and pale,
 No more shall I wait, no more shall I wait,
 No more shall I wait, no more shall I wait.

No more shall thy frowne or fies humour perswade,
To court the fair Idoll my fancy hath made;
When thy Saints so neglected their follies give o're,
Thy diet's lost, and thy beaurie's no more.
No more. &c.

How weak are the Vowes of a Lover in pain,
When flatter'd by hope, or oppress'd by disdain?
No sooner my *Daphne's* bright eyes I review,
But all is forgot, and I vow all a new.
No more cruel Nymph, I will murder no more!
And the God seems so fair, now would I were the same.



SONG.

With so much ease, ingrateful Swains,
 Your faithless Vowes, have cured your pains.
 You chide by those, your perjuries betraid,
 That all are false, or else may so be made;
 And every smile or pleasing word proclaims,
 The cold Nymph, an offering to your flames.
 Vain Shepherd know, that now's the time,
 To suffer for thy boasted Crime:
 Repeated Vowes with me less credit find,
 Then smiling Seas, or the uncertain Wind,
 Deep Sigh's, and frequent Tears, as things of course,
 So common are, that they have lost their force.

3.

Thy passions Truth, will best appear,
 Disguised in doubts, and guilty fear.
 When all the heart and careful Tongue conceals,
 The sense disordered, and the eyes reverse,
 Mist dark confusion blazes the Flame thus bright,
 So Stars are best discerned through shades of night.

One stoupe look, can better woe,
 Then Sigh's, and Tears, and Vowes, can do.
 The falsest tears, like empty vessels sound,
 But may thy feign'd become a real wound.
 That thy severer penance may declare,
 How great mens crimes, and womens venmes are.

A Poem.

FAirest *Clariza*, when you read,
 This rudeness of my mornings Muse,
 My Pardon, let my Passion plead:
 But how can Guilt a Crime excuse,
 Then to your goodness only, I appeale,
 The Wounds your Justice makes, let Pity heale.

I court Occasion but in vain,
 My restless passion to relate,
 From your entrancing Lips to gain,
 The knowledge of my doubtfull Fate.
 You are my sacred Oracle, from whom,
 The sentence of my Life, or Death, must come.

Prophetick influence of Stars,
 Henceforth I will no longer prize,

Not search the fate of Peace or Wars,
 But in your more resplendant Eyes.
 If you but smile, Fate cannot cast me down;
 So highest joyes will vanish when you frown.

Nature wants Language to impart,
 The real Paradice of bliss,
 With which your smiles possels my heart:
 If there be Heaven on Earth, tis this.
 If I had all mans boundless wish would have,
 I'd slight whole Empires, to become your Slave,

How redious six short Suns appear.
 Which vail your Beauty from my sight,
 Each flying minute seemes a year;
 An Age is shorter then a Night.

But when dull time, the long with'd day has brought,
 The treacherous hours out fly the swiftest thought.
 Impatience ne'r revealed my love,
 To silent Streams or whispering Air,
 I trust no melancholy Grove
 With Echoes of my sad despair.
 Friendship and Duty lose their interest here,
 To none-----but you, my passion shall appear.

All human actions must obey,
 The sure decrees of powerfull Fate,
 From their prescriptions none can stray,
 Nor of themselves of love, or hate.

We must, or must not, tis designed above,
Perhaps my Face must be, to dye for Love.

On his Mistress going from home,

SONG.

SO does the Sun withdraw his Beames,
From off the Northern coasts and streames,
When Clouds and Frosts come,
And leaves the melancholly Slaves
Stupid and dull, as near their Graves,
Till he their joys renew,
Those that in Greenland, followed Game
Too long, and found when back they came,
Their Shipping gon, believed they must dye
E're Succor came; but yet more blest then I,

How soon our happiness does fly,
Like Sounds, which with their Echoes dye,
And leave us in a Trance,
Bewailing we had e're enjoy'd,
The blessing, since tis still destroyed

By

By some unhappy chance,
 Why should the spiteful stars agree,
 To vex and mock mortality?
 For thus, like Traytors which in darkness lye,
 We are only brought into the light to dye.

3.

In dreams things are not as they seem.

Else, what's fruition but a dream

When the possessions past?

Alas: to say we were, we had,

Is poor content, and even as bad

As if we had not had at all.

Fire in great Prosses, small time posselt,

Produces pain instead of rest:

So does the short enjoyment of such bliss

And, till restored, continual torment is.

SONG.

Those tricks, and bowes,

And amorous vows,

I despise, and never will need 'em;

For he that's taken with Puppet shows

Never knew the price of freedom.

2.

I defie the thoughts of loving,

Approving

'Tis a crime,

For my fancy's alwayes moving

To the vain expence of time.

3.

All the wisest count it folly

Nor shall I

Be so mad

To be rul'd by Melancholy,

Or any effect as bad

But I'll have my mind

Still unconfin'd

And my thoughts as free as Air

My humour still rove with the wind,

And never know Lovers care.

SONG

Since 'tis now become a fashion

To court all with equall passion,

And admires, now do prove

There is as well in love,

As in blood, a circulation.

I'me resolved to stand the sally,
Of the sutleſt Lovers volly;
And when his vowes are out,
To let him move about
To his other *Kate*, or *Molley*.

Though I can allow his courting;
For my preſent fancies ſporting;
Yet I never will admit
A Paſſion, Love, or Wir,
Without ſome years ſupporting.

If his humour ſympathizes
With the ſame rule mine adviſes
Be he pleaſant as he will,
I'll anſwer it; but ſtill
Keep a guard againſt ſurpriſes.



SONG.

VV

At the sight of my *Phillis* from every part;
 A Spring-tide of joy, does flow up to my heart;
 That quickens each pulse, and swells every vein,
 But all my delights; are still mingled with pain.

So strange a distemper sure; Love, cannot bring;
 To my knowledge: Love was; a quieter thing;
 So gentle and tame; that he never was known,
 So much as to wake me; when I lay alone.

But the boy is much grown; and so alter'd of late;
 Hee's become a more furious passion, than hitherto;
 Since; by *Phillis* re flor'd; to the Empire of hearts;
 He has new string'd his Bow; and sharpen'd his darts;
 And strictly the Rite's of his Crown; to maintain;
 He breaks every heart; and turns every brain.

My madness alas I too plainly discover;
 For he is as least as much Madman; as Lover;
 Who for one cruel beauty is ready to quit;
 All the Nymphs of the Stage; and those of the Field;
 The joys of Hyde-Park; and the Malls dear delight;
 To live sober all day; and chaste all the night.

Sing.

SONG.

X
20. 2

When *Alexis* lay prest
In her Arms he lov'd best,
With his hands round her Neck,
And his head on her breast,
He found the fierce pleasure too hasty to stay,
And his soul in the tempest just flying away.

When *Callis* saw this,
With a sigh, and a kiss,
She cry'd, oh my dear, I am rob'd of my bliss;
Thou unkind to your love, and unfaithfully done,
To leave me behind you, and dye all alone.

But the boy is much grown;
The youth, though in haste,
And breathing his last,
In pity did slowly, while she dyed more fast,
Till at length she cry'd, now my dear, now let us go,
Now dye my *Alexis*, and I will dye too.

Thus in tears they did ly,
Till *Alexis* did dy;
To recover now breath; that again he might dye,
Thus they both dy'd;
The Nymph dy'd quick, and the Shepherd more slow,
And call all the night.

20. 2

SONG.

SONG.

HAng the trade of verſifying,
Tis lying,
But in rime;
For ſome will be denying,
That a Roſe is freſh in June.

Beſides the brother Poets,
Or ſhew wits,
Are ſo fierce,
That one can pretend to no wit,
VVithout the exchange of a Verſe.

They aim at praiſe,
And write for the Bayes;
Yet all they mention's a ſtory,
And old Ben himſelf in the beſt of his dayes,
Ne're knew ſuch a thing as Glory.

To make up their Rhimes,
They change our times,
And make what is old ſeem new,
They'll tell you a tale, in a moddle of Chimes,
But the Devil a bit 'tis true.

To his Mistres with a pair of Turtles.

DO, happy Birds, my suit renew,
 Let her perceive that I, like you,
 Excel in constancy;
 But you each other do possess,
 Mine's an inferior happiness,
 She payes no love to me.

My constancy may greater, then, be thought,
 Since I to Love a cruel Nymph, am taught.
 You do but pay each others Love with Love;
 But I by loving scorn, do kinder prove:
 If, then, more love then you I boast,
 Why should I more in love be crost,
 Or not with hers be blest?
 It is the height of my desire,
 That I might but perceive my fire
 Had warm'd my *Celia's* breast.

Oh could you speak, you certainly wou'd prove,
 That 'twere but justice to give love for love;
 Which though I can't expect, I'll outvie
 You Turtle Doves, in matchless constancy.

A Rural Dance at a Shropshire Wake.

WELL met *Joan*; let us hast to the Wake,
For our Honour lies at Stake.

Didst thou see *Tom*, when he went to the Green,

In gay Cloathes, as ere were seen,

With *Nan* and *Dell*,

Kate and *Moll*,

Lads and Lasses that are brave Dancers?

Will and *Dick*

Hodge and *Dicks*

All these are the next advancers.

Trust me *Joan* thou dancest best,

And art fairer then the rest:

Thou shalt now the Garland wear,

Else I'll ere be seen at Fair.

There be firee

And to thee

I will plight my faith to love thee,

Say then *Joan*

Shall my Moans

Or Vowes have power to move thee?

Grant me that I'll sigh and vowe,

Till thou saist I'll love thee now,

I'll give thee Ale and finger Cakes,
And carry thee to all our Wakes.

Piping will
Singing Sil,
Shall be summoned, to our Wedding.

Andrew Tit

War and Kirt,
Shall eat Posset at our Bedding.

Now *Mad*, I had to my consent,

That thy silence gives consent;

Let us married be to day,

For I can no longer stay,

Fric and Hodges
Kinner and Madge
Come a long to this our Feasting.

Smile not *Jads*

Y're to blame,

For you'll find it is no jesting.

In his Mistress grown common.

SONG.

WHat Empire (*Calio*) equal'd mine,
When I alone reign'd o'er all thine;
When all thy glories did as aptly wait
On my Devotion, as my heart won'd hate;
When both thy heart and eyes
All other objects did despise,
And like a sacred Votress did make
Me thy dear Saint, and hence thy Bliss did take;
Then in what pride I liv'd, to know that thee,
Whom the world ador'd, wert rul'd by me!

But now, like Forreigners, thine Eyes,
Do gaze on all, to take a Prize.
That beauty which once center'd upon me,
Is now diffus'd, and like the Sun, thine free.
My vowes and tears pass by,
Yet know, vain *Calio*! that I
Can quietly into my self retire,
Without the danger of a second fire,
And scorn thy partial Love: tis seldom known
A Prince admits a sharer to his Throne.

To his Mistress in Love with another.

SONG.

Didstainfull Chlora, canst thou despise
That flame which had its rise
From thy fair Eyes?
Or, which is crueller,
Canst thou to mine prefer,
Anothers dull flame?

Wilt thou dispence thy love or hate,
Unequally, like partial Fate?
Who, though it be most rigorous to some,
For others, yet, reserves a milder Doom.

If loving most, may from you most obtain,
Consider with what pain,
And envious care,
I often have beheld,
What you did my Rival yeild,
Keeping my fire

Oh, if you partially proceed,
Think, how you make your off-Spring bleed;
When nature dictates, do the Mother bind,
Equally to her Children to be kind.



To his formerly scornful Mistress, though
new kind, as applying himself to
his Study.

NO, proud insultress know my love,
Is now fix'd rightly, far above,
The reach of fortunes frown, or thine;
Nor maist thou hope 'twill ere decline
On thee again.
Here 'twill remain,
Secure from folly, to reward,
With like contempt, this disreard:
For here, as on Olympus plac'd, I spie
The giddy World mislead by foolery.

2.

My love, this will never dye,
Since here I have variety:
Then hope not it will so debase
It self, to doat upon thy face:
It was thy hate
That did create

To me this happyness, and so
 Thy form at first did prove my foe;
 For gazing, like an harmless Forreigner,
 On thy bewitching features, I did erre,

But, to my self, return'd, thy pride
 Deservedly I do denide.
 And, seated here, I do defie
 The wanton glances of thine Eye :

Then mourne, and chide

Th' excess of Pride,

That made thee lose that heart, which now
 VVith all thy might thou canst not bow.
 Since now with more delight, I daily prove
 The pleasures of revenge, then those of love.

The giddy World mislead by foolery
 For here, as on Olympus plac'd I sit
 With like contempt this disinguard
 Secure from folly to reward

My love, this will never dye
 Since here I have variety

Then hope not it will to decay

I tell to thee upon this stage

It was thy fate

That did create

A SONG.

Clarke I burn, behold and view,
And coole me with a sigh from you;
I fry in Flames, and fill consume,
Although the Fire is all Perfume.

To be in Oyl of Roses drown'd,
Or Water, wher's the difference found?
Both bring one death, and death will be
How welcome any way to me.

Then, gentle Maid some pity show;
Destroy not him, that loves you so:
Alas, I call, but ah I see
There is no hope in store for me.

SONG.

SO closely, closely prest,
 In this *Clymene's* Armes young *Damon* lay,
 Panting in that transport so overblest,
 He seem'd just ready, just to dye away;
Clymene beheld him with amorous Eyes,
 And thus betwixt sighing and kissing she cries,
 Oh make not such haste to be gon;
 'Tis too much unkind,
 While I stay behind;
 For you to be dying alone.

This made the youth, now, drawing to his end,
 The happy moment of his death suspend:
 But with so great a pain,
 His flying Soul he did retain.
 That with himself he seem'd at strife,
 Whether to let out Love, or keep in life,
 Then she who already was hasting to Death,
 Said softly, and trembling, and all out of breath,
 Oh, now my dear let us go;
 Dye with me, *Damon*. for now I dye too:
 Thus dyed they, but 'twas of so secret a death,
 That so to dye again, they took new breath.

SONG.

A Way with this legal Fruition,
The pennance of Flegmatick Love,
Devised by some old Politician:
Whose sinewes, no longer could move.

*Since wenching is madish, and beauty is common,
Why should we meddle with defects of a woman?*

The Husband has all the vexation,
The quavels and care of the Sheets,
Fair Perriwigs and Fops, in 'h Fashion,
For nothing enjoy all the sweets.
Since, &c.

3.

If the Wife has Wirt, Beauty, or Portion,
Fine Cloathes and Gallants must be had,
She follows the Court for Promotion;
And heigh for the new Masquerade.
Since, &c.

4. When

When the *Chaos* was made a *Creation*
 And all things in order did move,
 The wisest in every nation
 VVent into all they did love.

Since, &c.

Each bee is woful of new pleasure,
 To those who may any where feed,
 The Bees have all nature's sweet treasure,
 But Drones are confin'd to a VVeed.

Since wenching is so sweet, and so many it admires,
 Why should we not be as they are?
 Fair Paintings and Fops, in Fashion
 For nothing enjoy all the lives.
 Since, &c.

Who's Will, Beauty, or Power
 Follows the Court for Power
 And sighs for the new fashions

*The Willow-wearing Lovers disconsolate
Complaint.*

Vhen first I beheld my fair *Philomels* face,
She appear'd like an Angel to me ;
But when her dear love
She vouchsaf'd me to prove,
I was blest with what mankind could be,
On her *Paradise*'s not to be found.

She has toy'd, and has talk'd, when abroad we have
And at home all delights have express ; (walk'd,
Her discourse, and her paces,
Would have ravish'd all hearts,
That ever with her had convers'd,
In that moment all vanish'd away.

When we were alone, then I gaz'd on her face,
And the more I did gaze I admir'd ;
No words I could speak,
Least my heart should break
But with sigh's it told what I deem'd.

Her frown's would sometimes put me into despair,
 But her smiles did create me new bliss;
 Though my death had me seiz'd,
 Yet, if she were but pleas'd,
 She could give me new life with a kiss.

W
 In fine, all perfections that ever were seen
 In all beauties, in her did abound;
 VVith Loves sweets most divine,
 Did my *Philomel* shine;
 Oh! her Parallel's not to be found.

But mark what false fortune unto me has done,
 My delights were too great long to stay,
 For those sweets which she swore
 Should increase ever more,
 In one moment all vanish'd away.

W
 For her faith she has brook; and denies me those joys
 VVhich in freedom, I oft have possess'd;
 By her frown's I'm betray'd.

And, alas, I am made
The most wretched, who was the most blest.

8.

VWith melancholly sighs I am tormented each day,
My discontents, hourly, increase;
My mind is perplext,
And my heart sore oppress'd,
And my soul will ne're be at peace.

9.

Therefore, oh you gods, I am firmly resolv'd
Your power shan't my passion controule;
I'll dye for her sake,
And in death I'll make
A Love offering to her of my Soul.

Prologue. 8

To the Knight of the burning Pestle.

IF any here have ancient Records seen
 Of *Amadis*, or doughty *Palmerin*;
 Of Squire, and Dwarf, and of enchanted Wood,
 And taken true delight in Gyants blood.
 Such we invite with confidence, to laugh
 At the stout Acts, and Monuments of *Ralph*
 Of *Ralph*, who humbly does each Lady greet,
 And lyes Burning Pestle at her feet.
 This to the Learned, it does now remain,
 We descend upward to the vulgar Swain:
 And gravely tell him, that our *Fletcher* wit,
 Has here burlesqu'd all he himself had writ.
 Burlesqu'd, that is, has turn'd to ridicule,
 As one would say, has wisely play'd the fool,
 Mock love, mock passion, that is still to say,
 He, as it were, has farsist'd a Play,
 This Gallants, is that Play, which for your sake,
 We now revive, and doubt not it will take
 For in our vertuous Age,
 Not only every wit, Lampoons his brother,
 But men are all burlesque to one another,

Covent Garden Drollery.

78

It *Burgundy* and *Mant*, the great ones rayle,
But their blind sides are found in *Mum* and *Ale*,
Therefore laugh on, and rally all you can,
For there's no *Eop* like to your absent man:
The world will laugh at what you do or say,
Then laugh you, for a chaps an equal lay,
As good fall on, since you are sure to pay.



Epilogue.

THe Prologue durst not tell, before 'twas done,
The Plot we has to swinge the *Maiden Queen*,
For had we, then, discover'd our intent,
The *Eop*, who writ it, had not giv'n consent.
Or the new peaching trick, at least had shewn,
And brought in others faults to hide his own.
That wit he has been by his betters taught,
When he's accus'd to shew another's fault;
When one wit's hunted hard, by joynt consent,
Another steps between and does prevent.
His death, from any Hares still soyl the scene,
That our poor Poet would have escap'd to day,
But from the heard, I singled out his Play,
Then heigh along with me-----
Both great and small, you Poets of the Town,
And *Ned* will love you, or to run him down.

EnA.

Pro-

*Prologue to Horace, spoken by the
Dutchess of Munmouth at
Court.*

WHEN Honour flourish'd ere for price 'twas sold
When *Rome* was poor, and undebauch with
That vertue which should to the world give Law (gold:
First under Kings, its Infant breath did draw:
And *Horace*, who, his Sovereigns Champion fought
Its first example to republicques taught.
Honour and Love, the Poets dear delight,
The field in which all Modern *Muses* fight;
VVhere gravely Rhyme, debates what's just and fit,
And seeming contradictions pass for wit.
Here in their native Purity first grew,
Ere they th' Adulterate arts of Stages knew.
This Martial story, which through *France* did come,
And there was wrought in great *Cornelius*'s Toom.
Graculus's matchless Mule to *Britann* brought,
And Foreign Verse, our *English* Accents taught:
So low that to our shame, we understand,
They could not fall, but from a Ladies hand.
That while a Woman, *Horace* did translate,
Horace did rise above a Roman Fate.

And

And by our Ladies be mounts higher yet,
VWhile he is spoke above, what he is writ.
But triumphant Honours, are to come
VWhen, mighty Prince, he must receive your Doom;
From all besides our Actors have no fear,
Censure, and Witt, are beauties Vassals here.
And should they with Rebellion, tempt their rage,
Our Buffsicks, could shew 'em from the Stage,
But that their Fate, would be too great to dye,
By bright *Sabina's* or *Camilla's* Eye.

Why would you be the Prince and I should fill
A slave to all the motions of your will

I know you cannot love to see
The ready bias that torments me;
When at your feet my self I lay
You always turn your Eyes away.
~~As may I loose from its native case,~~
Which cannot look upon the Wounds it makes.

In scorn you can no pleasure find,
For constant I love perverses your mind;
For do you think, while thus to one,
You give your charming self alone,
Of your youth and beauty needs must waste
Ourselves can fill their sweetens all.

SONG.

Will you be true to me
And I will love you true
Will you be true to me
And I will love you true

SONG.

Since *Oh* my passion know,
 And every look my Love does show,
 Since I am, which I did say,
 To your lot, Fate, and I give a way,
 A Slave to all the motions of your will,
 Why would you ha' me Pine and Languish still.

I know you cannot love to see
 The many pains that torture me;
 When at your Feet my self I lay,
 You always turn your Eyes away.
 Beauty a softness from its nature takes,
 Which cannot look upon the Wounds it makes.

In scorn you can no pleasure find,
 For constant Love perverts your mind:
 Nor do you think, while thus to one,
 You give your charming self alone,
 Much of your youth and beauty needs must waste,
 For there's no one can half their sweetness taste.

When you hereafter wiser grow,
 And further joyes in Love shall know,
 With what regret will you repent,

The time you've in unkindness spent!
Trust me, a thousand times you'll wish in vain,
To call those slighted Minutes back again.

Prologue to a reviv'd Play.

Old Playes like Mistresses, long since enjoy'd,
Long after please, whom they before had joy'd;
For Fancy schews the Cudd on past delight,
And cheats it self to a new Appetite.
But then this second fire comes not so strong,
Like second Agues, neither fierce nor long:
What you have known before, grows sooner stale;
And less provokes you, then an untold tale.
That but refreshes what before you knew,
But this discovers something that is new;
Hence 'tis, that at new Playes you come so soon,
Like Bride-grooms, hurr to go to Bed ere noon:
Or, if you are detain'd some little space,
The stinking Footman's, sent to keep your place,
But, when a Play's reviv'd, you stay and dine,
And drink till three, and then come dropping in;
As Husband after absence, wait all day,
And deservly for Spouse, till bed time stay!
So, ere the brethrer's liberall fit was spent,
The full wise Nonconformist, under went
With ease, and battend in imprisonment.

For greater gains, his zeal refus'd the less;
 Each day to him was worth a Diocess.
 But he who now, in hopes of equal gain,
 Will needs be Pris'ner, tryes the trick in vain;
 He melts in durance half his Grease away,
 To get, like us, poor twenty Pounds a day.



✓ *To my friend, Master Tho. St. Serf.*

BEfore we saw thy Play, dear *Tom*, we thought,
 No *Scottish* Merchandize, was worth the Fraught;
 But we will trust thy Country-men no more,
 For you, we see, grow rich, as we grow poor.
 You get the Bayes, while we get only Mocks;
 As you got *Pizzes*, while we got but Knocks;
 We thought none Playes, but what were *English* made,
 That wile, like Wool, had been our staple trade.
 But thou hast found the trick, (as others do)
 Us with our own materials to undoe;
 Henceforth we have a privy search decreed,
 For every errant Muse, that passes Tweed.
 A file of *Covenanters*, shall stop thee there,
 And search thy Pack, for Anti-sirkall ware.
 Once, like a Pedler, they have heard thee brag,
 How thou didst cheat their Sight, and save thy Crag;
 When to the great *Montross*, under pretence
 Of godly boxes, thou broughtst intelligence.

But, hear ye, as a friend, let me advise,
 Trust not too far, that national disguise,
 If thou art caught, no wit Gronique can b'ib 'em,
 They'l never spare a man, that so can gibe 'em:
 Nor is the interest, of us *English* Poets,
 To suffer any but our selves, to grow wits,
 To show great Nature in Heroique story,
 Or in the Comique, Power, and Flame, and Glory;
 Once and a way, we let you make us merry,
 With the rare vertues, of the Coffee-Berry.
 But shall grow jealous of your Muse, and hate her,
 When we are hector'd on our own Theater.
 And if a second time, you tread our Stage,
 VVe, with the Kirk, against you must ingage:
 As two weak Scates, when they have struggled long,
 Unite against a third, that grows too strong.

*Epilogue spoken by the Lady Mary
 Mordant, before the King and Queen,
 at Court, to the faithfull Shepherdes.*

VWhen Princes in distress, would peace implore,
 They first take care to chooseth' Ambassador,
 And think him fittest for a charge so great,
 Who best can please that King with whom they treat,
 Out Play they threatn'd with a tragique Fate,
 I, Sir, am chose for this affair of State:
 And, hope, what ever errors we confess,
 You'll pardon to the young Ambassadress.
 If not, though now these little Ladies are,
 In no condition, to maintain a VVar;
 Their beauties will in time grow up so strong,
 That on your Court, they may revenge the wrong,

Prologue to *Albumazar*.

TO say this Comedy, pleas'd long ago,
 Is not enough to make it please you now:
 Yet gentlemen, your Ancestors had wit,
 VVhen few men censur'd, and fewer writ,
 And *Johnson* of those few, the best chose this,
 And the best modell of his master piece;
 Subtle was got, by our *Albumazar*,
 That *Alchamist* by this *Astrologer*,
 Here he was fashion'd, and I should suppose,
 He likes my fashion well, that wears my Cloaths.
 But *Ben* made nobly his, what he did mould,
 VVhat was anothers Lead, became his Gold:
 Like an unrighteous Conqueror he Rules,
 Yet Rules that well, which he unjustly gains,
 But this our age, such Authours does afford,
 As make whole Playes, and yet scarce write a word:
 VVho in this Anarchy of witt rob, all,
 And what's their Plunder, their Possession call.
 VVho like bold Padders, scorn by night to prey,
 But Rob by Sun-shine, in the face of day;
 VVho scarce the common Ceremony use,
 Of stand, Sir, and deliver up your Muse.
 But knock the Poet down; and, with a grace,
 Mount *Pegasus*, before the Owners face,

Faith if you have such Country *Toms* abroad,
 'Tis time for all true men to leave that Road.
 Yet it were modest, could it but be sed,
 They stripe the living, but they rob the dead:
 'Twill with the mummey of the *Moses* play,
 And make love to 'em, the *Egyptian* way.
 Or as a Rhyming-Author would have sed,
 Joyn the dead living, to the living dead:
 Yet such is Poetry, may claim some part,
 They have the Licence, though they want the Art,
 Such as in *Sparta* might for *Lantels* stand,
 Poets, not of the head, but of the hand:
 They make their benefit of others finding,
 Much like the meales of Politick, Jack-Pudding.
 Where Bruch to claim, there's no one has the courage,
 'Tis all his own, after he has spit y^e Portidge:
 But Gentlemen, y^e are all concern'd in this,
 You are in fault, for what they do a miss.
 For they their Thefts, will undiscover'd think,
 And durst not steal, unless you please to wink:
 Now should we Letters of reprizall seal,
 These men write that, which no man else would deale.

A S O N G.

UPon yon pleasing Plain,
 Alexis thought, fair *Cloris* heart to gain;
 And therefore he unto her every day,
 Did sing, and on his Pipe, would sweetly play.
 Most pleasing Tunes to give delight,
 Unto this beauteous Nymph so bright,
 She that had wounded him with her fair sight.

2.

But the obdurate Maid,
 Not g't but unkindness, to his sufferings paid;
 For when of love, he unto her did speak,
 And's passion sigh'd, as if his heart would break,
 Nothing prevail'd 'twas all in vain,
 She flew from him in proud disdain,
 And left *Alexis*, sadly to complain.

3.

Then to the neighbouring Grove,
 Poor Swain he went, and there his hopes of love

Evening Garden Drollery.

Alone he mourn'd, and in that gloomey shade,
Did grieve that he her hate and scorn was made;
With peevish looker, and arms & crois,
In Tears he did lament her loss,
To whom all Beauties in the world are Dross.

4.

Perplext a while he sat,
Upon the Ground, complaining of his Fate;
Against a Tree he gently laid his head,
In hope to sleep, but rest from him was fled.
He then flart up, and once more went
To her who caus'd his discontent,
To try if she would yet his Death prevent.

5.

Hard hearted Maid, said he,
Why dost thou hate him, that so doats on thee,
My Sock & Tye brought, to feed with thine all day,
And we the while, in harmless sports did play.
But when my love, I did make known,
Then all my hopes too soon were gon,
A life! you left me to lament alone.

6.

Cruel, but yet most fair;
Once more hear him, whom you have made despair.

VVill

Coveat Garden Droller

Will your severity ne're daign to give
One kind return of Love, and let me live
Here at your Feet, behold I lye,
And here by Heaven, I vow to dye,
If you my passion still with hate deny.

7.

But all his plaints were vain,
She proudly scornd to ease him of his pain:
Which when he saw nor Tears nor Prayers could move
Her heart with Pitty, ere to yeild him Love,
He sigh'd much more, and nought could speake,
But *Cloris*, with a voice so weak,
That, as he cal'd on her, his heart did break,

8.

When *Cloris* saw him dead,
She stood amaz'd, her frighted spirits fled:
O're him she wept, and weeping she did say,
Stay dear *Alexis*, *Cloris* bids thee stay,
Then fetch'd a sigh, and faintly cry'd,
Alexis, I will be thy Bride,
And as she spoke these words, falk *Cloris* dy'd.

SONG.

Covent Garden Drollery

SONG.

I Led my *Silvia* to a Grove,
Where all the Boughs did shade us,
The Sun it self, though it had fire,
It could not have burnt us,
The place secur'd from humane eyes,
No other fear allow'd,
But when the Winds did gently rise,
And kiss the yielding Boughs,

Down there we sat upon the Moss,
And did begin to play
A thousand wanton tricks to pass
The heat of summer days,
Amongst the trees I did give her
And she returned the same,
Which made her willing to receive
That which I sent her name,

My greedy eyes no ayde requir'd,
To tell their amorous Tale,
On her that was already fir'd:
Tears came to prevail,
I did but kiss and claspe her round,
Whose eyes my thoughts express,

And laid her gently on the ground:
Oh, who can guess the rest.



A Song to a Scottish Tune.

Come my Phillis, let us improve,

Both our joy of equal love,

Whilst we in yonder shady Grove

Count Minutes by our kisses

See the Flowers how sweetly they spread,

And each displays his coloured head,

To make for us a fragrant Bed,

To practise o're new blisses:

The Sun it self, with love does conspire,

And sends abroad his ardent fire,

And kindly seems to bid us retire

And shade us from his Glory

Then sweetest come, and do not fear,

All that your Slave desires there

2. Phillis, what you love to hear

Him say, that he does adore you.

Al! Phillis, if you love me so,

As I have lov'd you long ago,

Why

Covent Garden Drollery.

Why should you now refuse to do,

What you so oft have vow'd me?

Did I e're your bounty abuse,

Or you our severest commands refuse?

Nay, rather, chose to languish then to lose

The perfect respect I ow'd to you,

Yet *Phillis*, some reward is due,

To him, who daily does renew

The passion which he has for you,

And is a faithfull Lover,

Then come, my dearest, be not shy,

Thou know'st my heart, and my secrecie

Wast not this opportunity,

When none can our joyes, discover,

Phillis, in vain you shed these tears,

Why do you blush, which speak your fears?

There's none but your *Aminas* hears.

What means this pretty passion?

Can you fear your fancies will cloy

Those that the blessings do enjoy?

Oh, no; such needless fears destroy:

This niceties out of Fashion.

When thou hast done, by *Par*, I swear,

Thou wilt unto mine eyes appear

A thousand times more charming and fair;

Then thou wast to my first desire,

That smile was kind: and now thou'rt wise,

Coxen Garden Drillery.

To throw away that coy disguise,
And by the vigor of thy eyes,
Declare thy youth and fire.

Song to a Scottish tune.

When *Jemmy*, first began to Love,
He was the finest Swain
That ever yet a flock had drove,
O danc'd upon the Plain.
'Twas you that I, way's me poor heart,
My freedom threw a way,
And finding sweets in every smart,
I could not say him nay.
And ever when he spoke of Love,
He would his eyes decline,
And every sigh, woud take a heart,
Gued faith, and why not mine?
He'd press my Hand, and kiss it oft,
His silence spoke his flame,
And whilst he treated me thus soft,
I wisht him more to blame.

Sometimes to feed my flocks with him,
My *Jemmy* would invite me,
There he the gayest Songs would sing,
On purpose to delight me.

And

And I every grace display'dly yours would
 Which were enough to show
 To conquer any princely Maid:
 So did he me I vow.

But now for I every must I mourn,
 Whose to the VVats must go,
 His Sheep-hook to a Sword must turn;
 Alas! what shall I do?
 His Bag-pipe into warlike sounds
 Must now exchanged be,
 In stead of Garlands, fearful VVounds:
 Then what becomes of me?

Damon being asked a reason for Loving.

Perhaps, you ask me why I do pursue,
 And Court no other Nymph but you;
 And why with eyes, sighes, I do betray
 A passion which I dare not lay
 The cause I love, and if you ask me why,
 VVith womens answers, I must reply.

You ask me what Arguments I have to prove
 That my unrest proceeds from Love.

You

Cōvent Garden Drollery.

You'l not beleive my passion, till I show
A better reason why tis so;
Then, *Phillis*, let this reason serve for one,
I know I love, because my reasons gone.

You say, a love like mine must needs declare
The object so belov'd, not fair;
That neither witt nor beauty in her dwell,
Whose lover can no reason tell:
Why 'tis he does adore, or why he burns;
Phillis, let them give such that have returns.

For, by the self same reason, which you use,
Damon might justly you accuse:
Why do you scorn, and with a proud disdain,
Receive the Vowes, but slight the Swain?
You say you cannot love, yet know no cause,
May I not prove my love, by your own Lawes?

Am I not youthful, and as gay a Swain
As e're appear'd upon the Plain?
Have I not courted you withall th'adrest,
An amorous Shepheard could profess?
To add to this, my Flocks and Herds, are great;
Yet this will scarce my happyness compleat.

Thus you no reason for your coldness give,
And tis but just you should beleive
That all your beauty unadorn'd by art,
Have hurt, and not oblig'd my heart.

Covent Garden Drillery.

Be kind to that, return my passion too,
And I'll give reason why I love you so.

~~~~~

SONG

**V**hen reason ore my heart did sway,  
Then subject passions did obey,  
And freedom, full I most did crave,  
Not thinking e're to be Loves slave;  
Till he most cunning, by surprize,  
Stole in, and fixt my wandering eyes.

My reasoner my passion led,  
With pleasing joys, my fancy led,  
Which for a time did so transcend,  
I thought they ne'er could have an end;  
And nothing then did grieve me more,  
Then that I had not lov'd before.

When to my freedom I did range,  
My joy uncertainly did change,  
My pleasures still my thoughts were rent,  
And still my joy did something want,  
Till in her center fixt by love,  
Satisfy'd of works I prove.

Covent Garden Drillery

49

Blest with loves chains, I thus did live;

But for it could no reason give:

My pleasures were too sweet to last,

And by disdain were soon o're cast.

Another's flame her heart assails,

Which prov'd her love to me was false.

My love then scorn'd, dy'd with disgrace;

And reason once again took place;

When reason comes, love must depart;

Both ne're at once, liv'd in a heart:

Strange that I should so foolish prove,

And thus to be mislead by love.

SONG.

Long did fair Phillis love a Swain,

Who, as 'twas thought, repaid again

With interest her kindness

Their love's, but flocks, not equal were;

The only cause of all their fear:

This prov'd god's cruel blindness

With equal flames, a while they burn'd

When one, both did rejoyce or mourn;

Their hearts so were fatter'd

Till a new love did him succeed;

Which prov'd the first, was but for need,

Though may be 'twas not better

3.

A Gallant comes, (Gallants can do  
 Much with young Maids, and old ones too)  
 And lovingly accost her;  
 The unjust Nymph, did court his flame,  
 More eagerly then e're the Swain  
 Did hers before he left her.

4.

The Swain forgot, the match is made,  
 With the new love; though as 'twas said;  
 He had no mind to marry,  
 Hymen to light his Torch they call:  
 The Nymphs and Swains invited all,  
 To see him reach his Quarry.

5.

But providence the Marriage-croft,  
 Just at the time the Bride-groome's lost;  
 When he should be a doing;  
 It cost her many sighs, and tears,  
 With little joy, and many fears,  
 E're Hymen ends the wooing.

: 6.

This woman lolly plainly shews,  
 Who shall withdraw their smiles from those  
 Who love and most affect them;  
 Which fortune on themselves return,  
 And commonly does make them burn  
 For those that most neglect them;  
 Some sorry were, but many smile at



And said the Nymph the Swain beguild,  
Because he did not ather:  
Some cry'd the plains he would desert,  
Or that despair would break his heart;  
But faith 'twas no such matter.

SONG.

**T**Ruest joy must arise,  
From a womans bright Eyes,  
For there is the perfectest bliss;  
Till we can obtain,  
Betwixt pleasure and pain,  
The enjoyments that follow a Kiss.

2.  
For Love after scorning,  
And joy after mourning,  
Are alwayes far better accepted,  
Then that love which we gain,  
Without trouble or pain,  
From a Mis, who us never neglected.

3.  
For when with a home-touch,  
She is tickled so much,  
That it makes her cry, oh, it does not me  
Oh! oh; then does succeed,  
Those true pleasures indeed,  
Which what Paradise is does instruct me.

## SONG.

**F**ond man that hopes to catch a face,  
 Whose every grace  
 Will strike thy heart with an amazing terror,  
 Her beauties shine  
 So like divine,  
 That they'll convince thee of thy foolish error.

2.  
 Mark but that glance, which now did fly  
 From her bright Eye,  
 And tell me then, can any Mortal draw,  
 A Line by art  
 Like that fierce Dart;  
 Which all the subject world can keep in awe?

3.  
 Hark to that heavenly voice, which can  
 Transport a man  
 Beyond the raptures of the heavenly Spheres;  
 As soon you may  
 Create a day,  
 Or sweet *Amor's* beauties Lymn, as hers.

4.  
 Leave then thy bold attempt to Fate,  
 Who must create  
 New fancies, which must heavenly power receive;  
 For grant that here,  
*Apelles* were,  
 She, as his fruites the Birds, would him deceive.

SONG

**N**O justice he had, that first did approve  
To cast down high Honour, and set up fond Love.  
Though love we confess, has the happier state,  
Yet old things we see, grow most out of date.

Love after enjoyment, does seldom prove good,  
But Honour, for ever, does reign in the blood.  
That, just like the Smoke, does quickly expire,  
But this does, for ever, remain like fire.

Love must unto Honour, precedence give,  
That dyes with the Subject, when Honour does live.  
'Tis that that keeps love out of the Dust,  
For love without honour, at best, is Lust.

To be scorned in Love, is a most cruel Fate,  
And thus we prove Honour, the happier state.  
For old things we know, must give place unto new,  
Then cast back fond Love, and give Honour her due.

*A Countrey Dialogue.*

*Will.*  
**G**ood Morrow Dolly, I Salute thee,  
 After our own Countrey way,

*Doll.*  
 Now, by my Maiden-head *Will.*, I thank thee;  
 And good Morrow to thee I say.

*Will.*  
 Your Maiden-head, you pretty Dowdy,  
 What a fimp'ring look thou hast!  
 Methinks thou show'st a pretty maiden  
 In all parts, below thy waist.

*Doll.*  
 And why below my waist, I pray you?  
 That I am cover'd with my Cloaths,

*Will.*  
 I see I have seen something naked,  
 Make my Teeth back in my Hofs;  
 For I have seen my Occillaries,  
 Such eyes I think thou be'st did see,  
 Things that will please thee without measure  
 And shall, poor Rogné, I'll give to thee;  
 For hark thee, *Doll.*, I'me come to woo thee,  
 Thou know'st my mind and what I mean,

*Covent Garden Drollery.*

I'll give thee that shall fill thy belly,  
Wast thou ne're so poor or leane;  
I'de faine be married, prthee tell me,  
When shall be our Wedding day?

*Doll.*

First let me know how well you love me;

Then you shall hear what I Will say.

*Will.*

I love thee, *Dolly*, more, and better,

Then our *Brown* loves her Calf;

Oh, *Doll*, my tongue can never utter

All my love to thee, nor half.

Tis even such, my dearest *Dolly*,

Though I not angry am at all,

That with my teeth, I could care from thee

All thy Cloathes, thy Smock and all.

Oh love me then, thou pretty *Doxey*,

Which art my true and faithful Lover;

Quench thou my fire which else will burn

And straight way make my Pot run over.

*Doll.*

Well, if your love be so exceeding,

As you do protest and say,

I can no longer then deny you;

But yeild to love without delay.

And we'll me married my dear honey,

To morrow morn with all my heart;

I am glad we have agreed so quickly,

And from thee I'll never part.





*Couvent Garden Drillery*

Which are rais'd by *Cupids* Fire.  
He straight go home and make me ready,  
Then will I wait till you do call.

*Will.*

Do, for to morrow night, I tell thee,  
We will play at uprailes all;  
We'l dance & dance, I faith shall please thee  
Up and down, and never miss,  
Instead of turning we'l keep dancing,  
And when we have done then we will kiss;  
Thoud'ft wish that thou mightst dance so ever,  
Oh 'twill give thee such content,

*Dall.*

I shall not sleep for thinking on thee,  
And of our next nights merriment.  
But now we know each others meaning,  
Let's prepare against the night,  
I may enjoy those sports thou talkst of,  
Which will yeild me such delight.

Coridon's Contemplation.

**V** Hen *Sue* and *Moll* a milking went,  
Then *Will* and I hied thither,  
And as they milk'd by them we lay,  
Making our Love's together.

He complempted his dear *Moll*,  
And so did I my *Sue* :

Oh ! never yet was men so blest,  
With th' love of two so true.

For when their milking they had done,

Then did begin our bliss.

We lay upon the Ground and talk'd,

We tumbled and did hiss.

Till two long hours was quickly spent,

In such sweet harmless pleasure,

As should make their Sweet hearts give,

When they have time and leasure.

We took some with Cake and Cheese,

We eat and drank our fill,

Which these poor Rogues had brought with them.

For me and honest *Will*.

6. *Moll*.

Count Garden Drillery.

6.

Moll, gave to Will a new lac'd Band,  
She bought it at our Fair:  
It's fellow pretty Sue had got,  
And gave it me to wear.

But now poor Maid's they must go home,  
No longer durst they stay,  
Moll kiss't her Will, and Sue kiss't me,  
Then sighing went away.

Oh! such true Love's, was never heard on,  
Nor ever yet was seen,  
In all the Country far and near,  
As they to us have been.

Therefore at th' VVake's we'l carry them,  
VVhere ere the Fiddlers play,  
VVe'l give 'em Sider, Ale and Cakes,  
And dance with none but they.

*The Wood-Man's Song*

This way, this way, come and hear,  
You that hold these pleasures dear,  
Fill your ears with our sweet sound,  
While we pass the frozen ground.  
O! such true love  
I never yet was seen,  
In all the County is and near,  
As they to us have been.  
This way come, make haste, oh fair,  
For your clear eyes guild the air,  
Where ere the birds sing true,  
V'ere ere the flowers bloom,  
V'ere ere the birds sing true,  
V'ere ere the flowers bloom,  
And dance with none but they.

